

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 876.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1874.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 16.

Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night."

[In view of the coming performance by THE CECILIA, at next Thursday's Symphony Concert, we reproduce our brief analysis of the work made when it was first given here in May 1862, under the same Conductor.]

It is a thoroughly genial, original, delightful composition, full of charming, of startling and of grand effects; a most successful musical translation of Goethe's curious poem.

The subject is easily stated. Walpurgis figures in the German calendar as the female Saint who converted the Saxons from their Druidical faith to Christianity. The deities of the heathen worship became the devils and witches of the Middle Age tradition; and as Venus was still fabled and believed to hold her court in the heart of a mountain in Thuringia, so the witches and evil spirits of the Northern mythology were supposed to hold their infernal "Sabbath" on the night of the first of May, on the summit of the Harz mountains. With what wild imaginative art Goethe has conjured all its elements together in the famous scene in "Faust!" (Shelley's free translation admirably preserves the spirit of it). Goethe made a poem out of every thing that interested him; it was his way of solving intellectual and moral problems, of reaping and laying up the fruits of his inquiries. So, besides the scene in "Faust," he has embodied in a separate little poem, "The First Walpurgis Night," his idea of the manner in which the tradition of the "Witches' Sabbath" may have originated. May Day Eve is dedicated to St. Walpurgis, and naturally the mob of outcast evil spirits choose her night to make a great stir. The idea is, that the Druids fled to the mountains to pursue their ancient rites, unmolested by their Christian persecutors. To avoid detection, which would be death, they took advantage of the superstition of their enemies, and set guards about all the approaches to the place, who dressed themselves up like demons, and ran through the woods with blazing torches and hideous noises, frightening the Christians away.

The poem, as sung, is cleverly translated by Mr. Bartholomew of London, and preserves the spirit of the whole, although it is impossible to transfer to another language the suggestive sound of many of the verses. But that again is more than made good in the music of Mendelssohn. The contents of the Cantata are in brief as follows:

First an Overture, consisting of two movements: *Allegro con fuoco*, representing stormy weather; followed by *Allegro vivace*, in whose lifesome, delicate, fresh harmonies you feel the transition to Spring. This naturally preludes to the Spring song (tenor) and chorus with which the poem opens:

Druid Solo, and Chorus of Druids and People.

Now May again
Breaks Winter's chain,

The bud and bloom are springing;
No snow is seen,
The vales are green,
The woodland choirs are singing!
Yon mountain height
Is wintry white;
Upon it we will gather,—
Begin the ancient holy rite,—
Praise our Almighty Father.
In sacrifice
The flame shall rise;
Thus blend our hearts together!
Away, away!

A more exquisite, inspiring May Day chorus could not be imagined. The concluding strain, exhorting to the praise of the *All-Father*, is dignified and solemn.—Then comes a warning voice from "an aged woman of the people" (contralto).—Goethe has it: "one of the people"—masculine—which instantly raises the dark and earnest background of the situation in strong contrast against those blithe voices of the Spring:

Know ye not, a deed so daring
Dooms us all to die despairing?
Know ye not it is forbidden
By the edicts of our foemen?
Know ye, spies and snares are hidden,
For the sinners call'd "the heathen?"
On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter!
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.
On their ramparts, &c.

A chorus of women re-echo the warnings, and then comes the exhortation of the Druid priest (bass,) with chorus of Druids, noble and majestic:

The man who flies
Our sacrifice,
Deserves the tyrant's tether.
The woods are free!
Disbranch the tree,
And pile the stems together.
In yonder shades,
Till daylight fades,
We shall not be detected:
Our trusty guards shall tarry here,
And ye will be protected.
With courage conquer slavish fear,—
Show duty's claim respected.

The low, whispered chorus of the Druid guards, taking up their position in the passes, and of the rest exhorting them, is very effective:

Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men,
Secure the passes round the glen!
In silence there protect them,
Whose duties here direct them.

A deep bass voice, one of the Druid guards, suggests the scheme for frightening the enemy:

Should our Christian foes assail us,
Aid a scheme that may avail us!
Feigning Demons, whom they fable,
We will scare the bigot rabble!

And now follows the capital number of the work, in which Mendelssohn has given full

reins to his fantastical invention, and employed all the sonorous means at his command.

Chorus of Guards and People.

Come with torches brightly flashing;
Rush along with billets clashing;
Thro' the night gloom, lead and follow,
In and out each rocky hollow.
Owls and ravens,
Howl with us and scare the cravens!

He has composed it *con amore* and with infinite glee, entering into the full spirit of the fun and noisy, wild *diablerie*. What with gong, and drums, and all the croaking, piercing sounds which reeds and *piccolo* afford, he works up the orchestra to the most wildly graphic accompaniment—not ceasing to be musical even when it reaches a pitch that is almost stunning—while the voices seem all the more vividly witch-like for their harmonious rhythm.

To this witch sabbath succeeds its opposite, a dignified, sincere, religious strain, led off in bass solo by the priest, and joined in by all the people:

Restrained by might,
We now by night,
In secret, here adore Thee!
Still it is day,
Whene'er we pray,
And humbly bow before Thee!
Thou can'st assuage
Our foemen's rage,
And shield us from their terrors—
The flame aspires!
The smoke retires!
Thus, clear our faith from errors!
Our customs quell'd
Our rights withheld,
Thy light shall shine forever.

Goethe gives the persecuted the benefit of the greater reality and sincerity of faith which wrong and suffering impart. It is the Druids here who have the courage and the comfort of the "inner light" at least, and of a trust in the All-Father, while their Christian persecutors are the poor frightened fools of superstition. The next piece is the breathless warning, recitative-like, of a Christian guard (tenor) to his comrades:

Help, my comrades! see a legion,
Yonder comes from Satan's region!
See you group of witches gliding,
To and fro, in flames advancing;
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing!
What a clattering troop of evil!
Let us, let us quickly fly them!
Imp and devil
Lead the revel;
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapor!

Chorus of Guards.

See the horrid haggards gliding,
Let us fly them, let us fly! &c.

The trick being crowned with full success, the Druids pursue their solemn rites in peace,

and the Cantata concludes with solo of the priest and chorus to the words:

Uncloaked now, the flame is bright!
Thus faith from error sever!
Though foes may cloud or quell our light,
Yet Thine, Thy light shall shine forever!

The conclusion is solemn and grand, and perhaps the composer did wisely to keep it in the uniformly free style of the whole composition; but one almost wonders that he resisted the temptation of such noble words to work up this finale, with all the power of fugue and counterpoint, in oratorio style. He chose however to write a romantic composition, as the poem required, and not an Oratorio. His object is to let us see the Druids at their worship, not to work us up into it, and carry our rapt souls away on wings of Fugue, as is the aim always with an Oratorio.

Eastern Music.

(From the London Telegraph.)

It seems a pity that the organizers of Musical Festivals, such as that which was yesterday opened at Leeds, make no attempt to enrich their programmes from the wide and almost unexplored treasures of Eastern melody and harmony. If they should answer that good classic European music is well-nigh inexhaustible, this may be granted without yielding the point that variety is in itself charming. Moreover, it can hardly be denied that, superior as Western music must be held, it might still learn something from Oriental nations, seeing how intensely musical many of them are, and what a sway the song, the dance, and the measure have always held over them. The simple truth is that our European musicians do not know where to look for the music of the East. Learned treatises in abundance exist upon the subject; SIGLE has written on Chinese singing, VILLOTEAU on that of the Egyptians and Hebrews, MALCOLM on Turkish, ELI SMITH on Arabian melody, and numerous great pundits from SIR WILLIAM JONES downwards upon the abstruse topic of Hindoo music; while quite recently attempts have been made to tell us something about the lost Greek *nomoi*. The outcome of all these efforts is, however, so meagre that it may be broadly said our European masters know nothing, and have small existing means of knowing anything, about the musical art of the past and present world outside their own Continent. And yet there must have been surely something worth retaining in those strains of TYRTÆUS which "were worth an army in battle;" in the accompaniments of the Homeric rhapsodists; in MIRIAM'S song; in the psalm-tunes of ASAPH, "chief musician;" and in the savage dancing air which cost the head of JOHN the Baptist. What would not MEYERBEER have given, when he wrote his "L'Africaine," for good and genuine Brahmanic melodies? on ROSSINI for some real Assyrian tunes in his "Semiramide?" There must, beyond doubt, have been excellent composers among those antique minstrels, or whence the stories of ORPHEUS making the birds and beasts gather to him; of ARION charming the fish of the sea; of SAUL'S morose soul soothed and refreshed by the harp of DAVID? All the wealth of that old music is probably gone for ever from the ears of men, except so far as one might rediscover some traditional relics in the extant melodies of the various peoples. It is to that task we are inclined to invite the lovers of harmony who desire to extend its gentle dominion. The "music of the future" is in the hands, apparently, of HERR WAGNER; but there is need of at least two other WAGNERS, one for the past, one for the present, to rescue what is left of ancient music, and to seize and fix, if possible, in Western notation, whatever is sweet or eloquent in the existing songs of

Asia and Africa. To find such a pair of gifted beings would be the difficulty. They must unite the learning of LASSEN or MEZZOFANTI with the ear of BEETHOVEN and the skill of BACH or PALESTRINA, and enjoy, in addition, the travelling qualities of an explorer as well as the sensibilities of a poet. While we wait for such a combination the vast Eastern world, with all its songs and singers, is dumb to the West, and the general custom is to believe that there is nothing from the Red to the Yellow Sea worth the pains that must be spent in its acquisition.

The striking point, meantime, is, that this vast East, so devoted to its own music, thinks just as contemptuously of ours. Arabs and Hindoos completely fail to understand the melodies and harmonies which delight European ears. There is a story of a late Sultan who hired a French band to perform music in his palace, but he could make very little of STRAUSS or HAYDN, and cared nothing for it at all, till one day, when he chanced to hear the fiddles and instruments all tuned up together in wild discord. Then he cried out in rapture, "Let the dogs play that again: I like that"—which may or may not be true; but it illustrates the fact that languages are scarcely more various than musical tastes. It passes for a joke in India that the natives yield the palm of superiority in everything to the "Sahib Log," except as regards "medicine and music." Yet this is quite seriously felt, as anybody may see who glances at a tremendous controversy which has lately raged in the columns of the *Calcutta Review*, the *Indian Observer*, and the *Hindoo Patriot* over this very question. A Director of Public Instruction—Mr. CLARK—had ventured to discuss Indian music, in the desire to see it "noted" and arranged after Western methods; but forthwith the Hindoo musicians came down upon him with an impatience as great as Continental masters might display at our suggestion that they might usefully investigate the popular singing of Asia and Africa. And certainly we would not lightly invite an unprepared composer to plunge into the terrible mysteries of Sanscrit notation. Sir WILLIAM JONES tried hard to discover the music to which the "Gita Govinda" had been originally set, only to find himself immersed in a sea of complexities to which all our abstrusest counterpoint is lucid and simple. In classic Aryan art there are sixteen thousand "Ragas," produced by the flute of KRISHNA; there are seven "kings" and twenty-two "queens"—the intervals and tones of our music—which have begotten a prodigious family of established airs, each named as a prince or princess; while the notes are called after the cries of animals, as "the peacock's scream," the "roar of the tiger," the "trumpet of the elephant." All this is as repellant, doubtless, to the European musician as it is curious to the scholar, and the same despairing feeling arises when we think of the *telif* and *ika* of the Arab singers, with their odd-looking notation—an oblong rectangle divided by seven colored lines into eight spaces, wherein are inscribed seven tones and seventeen one-third tones. From that strange-looking page the Arab minstrel nevertheless discourses melody which enchants the dwellers of the desert and the frequenters of the café; while the Hindoo performers on the *sitar* or the *vina* delight the hearts and minds of dusky connoisseurs, so that it is a wonderful sight to see how the people of the Indian cities will listen rapt to the song of the nautch-girl, or dream away their souls to the ancient melodies of their temple-worship. With such a region of musical effect quite unexplored, the musicians of Europe ought not to be content with the conclusion of the *Hindoo Patriot*, that no European can transfer to our instruments the melodies of the Indian soil, and few or none so much as understand them.

A very brief study of this subject would, however, suffice to show even unprofessional investigators that two grand difficulties keep the West from knowing anything about the

music of the East. One is that almost everything in art there is traditional; the most part of these antique airs—some of them of exquisitely delicate phrasing and rarest invention—are and have been handed down from player to player without a written note. This much desired European COLUMBUS of music, therefore, who is to seek a new melodious world in the Orient would have to catch, with swift and patient ear, the best of its songs. Furthermore, he would soon discover that Hindoos, Persians, Arabs, and Malays are keener-eared than we, and employ habitually demi-semi-tones in their commonest music. The Hindoos call these fine interstitial notes *shrutis*—"sounds to be heard, not written"—and they are sung and played in almost all Oriental lands. The octave at Aleppo has, for example, twenty-four tones; the Persian and Chinese singers can produce as many; and, while STAFFORD observed that the modern Egyptians sing minute intervals, new to Europeans, TELINUS found the natives of Nukahiva intoning demi-semi-tones most accurately and distinctly. It is thus apparent that a finer, not a duller, musical faculty exists among these Orientals, and the erudite Hindoo of the *Patriot* actually maintains that Western notation cannot transcribe, nor Western ears catch, nor Western throats or instruments imitate the *shrutis* of his country's music. It belongs to the craft to say whether they will allow this challenge to pass unheeded. That there is a common language in music is proved by the world-wide popularity of certain airs. Thus the old Mogul ballad of "Taza-bataza" is just as eagerly appreciated by a knot of turbaned Bengalees in Calcutta as by a drawing-room audience in Belgravia; and obviously melody is everywhere more or less melody. In harmony these Orientals are confessedly deficient; but is it not because their PALESTRINA has not arisen, and also because their orchestral resources are limited? Why should not these interesting problems be grappled with? Why should GOUNOD and OFFENBACH, COSTA and LECOCQ know absolutely nothing at the present moment of the famous Masters MIRZA BULBUL of Persia, AKHWAL-USOBHA of Aftabia, OSMAN EFFENDI of Stamboul, and NARAYENDEVA of India? It is a blot upon the divine Science; there is as much room for great discoveries in music as in geography, chemistry, or philology!

How not to do it.*

Hardly had Mendelssohn's brother Paul, the chief of the famous Berlin bank, closed his eyes forever; hardly had the family of "Felix the happy" been visited by a severe affliction, by which the most trustworthy witness, Karl Mendelssohn, is prevented from accomplishing his part in the affairs of the great composer, his father, when a report ran through the papers of the forthcoming publication of letters from Mendelssohn to—Goethe! It was said that the letters would first appear in English. A German composer's German letters to the greatest German poet published first in English! If this in itself had not been reason enough for receiving the announcement with caution, the suspicion that we were about to encounter an unheard of profanation of a great name is, unhappily, only confirmed by the letters just published in the *Choir* of the 5th and 12th September. Two of them, without any date, appeared on the 5th of September, and on the 12th a third, dated the 17th of August, 1829, but with no name of place. The Editor of the *Choir* says in a note that "the first of the two published letters was not dated, but, from all appearance, must have been written in London about August, 1830." The date of the second was the 12th of May, 1829, again with no name of place. As to the assumption that the first letter was written from London somewhere about August, 1830, this view confutes itself; for, in May 1830, Mendelssohn had set out on his Italian journey, which brought him to Weimar, thence, through the Thüringen, to Bavaria and Munich, and thence, by Salzburg, to Linz. From this town, August 11th, 1830, is dated the famous letter to his mother, with the motto: "How the travelling musi-

*Translated for the London Musical World from an article by Dr. Franz Gehring, in the Vienna *Deutsche Zeitung* of October 1st.

cian had a day of disasters in Salzburg; a fragment from the unwritten journal of Count F. M. B.—"I am almost tempted to quote the entire letter, so as to prove more decidedly than by other means that the bombastic stuff now alleged to have been addressed to Goethe could not have been produced by the same fresh and ingenious young artist who could write a letter to his mother so full of youthful impulsiveness and noble simple-heartedness; but I merely beg my readers to refer to the first collection of Mendelssohn's letters, and judge for themselves. Even now, though years have passed since their publication, and since the time when we first read these glorious effusions of a youthful spirit, we abandon ourselves with renewed delight to their wonderful charm and freshness. Unhappily, I am forced to prove [?] the alleged authenticity of the fictitious letter which the Editor of the *Choir* considers to have been written in London, August, 1830, incapable as he appears to be of dealing in a critical spirit with the person who gave him the letters for publication. I will therefore quote a part of the letter from the *Choir*, and at once proceed to draw such conclusions from it, founded on facts, as shall not only prove that the letter could not have been addressed to Goethe, but, also, that it was not written by Mendelssohn. The beginning of the letter is as follows:—

"My dear Goethe,—So long since I saw you; wish I was beside you now! I have been writing so much of late, and enjoying myself so completely in the occupation, that all my friends, if I have any now, must be in a state of desperation concerning my health, prospects, &c., &c., as usual. If you have seen my 'Wedding March,' as I daresay you have, you can tell me what you think of it when you write. I was so full of love at the time when I wrote it—upon my word, dear Goethe, I like the word exceedingly—that I think you are likely to feel something of it in the March."

It then goes off into generalities, and, at the end, we have:—

"Know you so well, dear Goethe; can anticipate with what feelings you will read this. Wager now, you draw yourself up straight. Don't care—love you dear Goethe—send you a piece soon in consideration of the slights I have cast upon you in this epistle, suppose I call it. Not quite in your line, dear Goethe, not in mine either, so if it doesn't please either of us, we are both pleased."

The concluding words I unfortunately only dimly understand; "Not quite in your line, dear Goethe, nor in mine either; so, if it does not please either of us, we are both pleased." I should be glad to have this riddle solved. And this is supposed to have been written by a young man to the old Goethe—a young man of whom Goethe writes to Zelter (in the end of 1829): "And now I want to know if there is favorable news of the good Felix. I feel the greatest interest in him, for it is most vexatious to see one who has turned out so remarkable, endangered by a tiresome accident in the midst of progress and activity."

The same Goethe writes to Zelter about Mendelssohn, when he heard that after nearly a hundred years Bach's *Passion* had been performed, under Felix's direction, on the 11th March, 1829:—

"It is just as if I heard the sea roaring in the distance. I wish you joy of so complete a success in that which is almost beyond achievement. I rejoice with all my heart in the satisfaction that Felix gives you; amongst my many pupils, I have not been so fortunate with more than a very few."

And to this aged seer the youth is made to write such words as these:—"You are a great man, a great writer, but you understand nothing of the feelings of a musician." Frankness and openness were among Mendelssohn's chief characteristics; but, happily, he was utterly wanting in bumptiousness and impudence. His good bringing up would have made such a tirade impossible to him, still more so his inward depth of right feeling. Mendelssohn had the greatest veneration for Goethe; during the visit referred to, in 1830, he played to him all day, and initiated him in an historical course of music. In the letter to his family from Munich, dated June the 6th, 1830, Mendelssohn recounts the last occurrences at Vienna, and thus concludes his lively description of that delightful time:—

"When I came in in the morning to take leave of Goethe, I found him sitting before a large portfolio, and he said to me: 'Yes, yes, you are going away, and we must see that we keep straight till you return. But we must not part from one another without a moment's devotion, and so let us look at

this 'Prayer' (a picture of Ostade's representing a peasant family at prayer) together for a little while.' Then he said I was to write to him sometimes;—and then Mendelssohn adds: 'Courage, courage, I shall do it from here.'"

Could there, then, have already been a correspondence, and, moreover, one of such an extravagant nature as that of the letters in the *Choir*, between the highly cultivated, well brought up, self-conscious, modest boy, and the "alter Herr," as Mendelssohn often calls him? After the words just quoted this assumption is almost impossible, but it becomes entirely so when we compare the bumptious folly contained in these letters with the judgment expressed of Mendelssohn by Moscheles and his wife, at whose house in London he often stayed during the year 1829, from which city indeed the two other letters published in the *Choir* are dated. Moscheles writes of him:—

"As a man, he is infinitely much to us. Cheerful and yet sympathetic in the sorrow for our lost child, and the anxiety for the delicate one who remains to us, always ready to exchange our country solitude for the tempting enjoyments of London; he knows how to exert a healing influence on our wounded hearts, and seems to have made it his object to make up to us for our sufferings."

Later on, Moscheles says: "The enthusiasm which his *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture (which Mendelssohn conducted on the 30th of May and the 13th of July) excited amongst the public never even turned his head." "It must be made still better!" he said; and when I praised it myself he answered, in a childlike way: "Do you like it? I am so glad!" And this fine noble soul is thought to have been capable of such bombast as that in the *Choir*!

But the fabricator of these letters has laid a trap for himself. The first letter, dated "about August, 1830," contains a reference to a composition which was projected at Leipzig only in 1843, and about which not a syllable had been heard beforehand; this was the "Wedding March"—the one in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, of course, as there is no other "Wedding March" by Mendelssohn. So much for the genuineness of the first letter! The second is dated "May 12th, 1829." As Mendelssohn gave his first concert in London on the 30th of May, the letter can only have been written in London, or on the journey there. But it contains not a word about London; nothing of the coming concert; only the short remark: "I went to a concert yesterday evening. Enchanting moonlight in the bushes, something like my own songs." The style is altogether strange; nothing but broken up phrases and numbers of parentheses—all quite unlike Mendelssohn. Then there is an utter absence of any points of connection with actual events, and, moreover, the universal artist-lamentations contained in this letter and the one following were never in Mendelssohn's way. [On the 19th May he wrote to Devrient, and it is only necessary to compare the two compositions to see how clumsy an imitation is that in the *Choir*.] The third letter is dated "August 17th, 1829." Between May 12th and this, occurred the two important events for Mendelssohn of the already-mentioned concerts in London—Mendelssohn's first and so brilliant introduction to the great world. On this occasion he had won his spurs. But in this August letter there is not a word about it; and yet, in the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter, there is frequent mention of Mendelssohn, and of his journey to London. That there should, therefore, be no allusion to the direct correspondence with Mendelssohn would be extraordinary, if we assume that such had already existed; and, in the third of the *Choir* letters, there is actually a mention of Goethe's writing to Mendelssohn. At the same time, it remains positive that Goethe inquires again of Zelter how dear Felix was going on. [On the 17th August Mendelssohn was in Scotland. On the 29th July he noted down the germ of the Introduction to the Scotch Symphony at Edinburgh, and on the 7th August that of the "Fingal's Cave" overture, en route to Braemar. Fancy a letter written in the midst of such scenes, but without a single allusion to them!]

From all this the authenticity of the third letter becomes more than doubtful. And besides, its contents are of the same vague and general nature as those of the first two letters. How decided Mendelssohn could be in expressing himself on his art and his highest ideals is sufficiently proved by the letters which he wrote to Ferdinand Hiller, especially one from Leipzig dated January 24th, 1837. With rare candor, but all the greater positiveness, he passes judgment on the productions of his friend, to whom we owe special thanks for the publication

of this correspondence. In it, amongst others, we find the following striking words: "I know perfectly well that no musician can make his thoughts or his talents different to what Heaven has made them; but I also know that if Heaven has given him good ones, he must be able to develop them properly." Even in these few words lies an energy and power of thought which Mendelssohn could not have newly acquired between the year 1829 (the date of the *Choir* letters) and 1837. Or could Mendelssohn have taken a special pleasure in expressing himself more abstrusely to his dear Goethe than to his other fellow-creatures? Let anyone read the correspondence of the too early departed composer to his family and friends, and with each letter he will be convinced anew that Mendelssohn and the writer of the letters in the *Choir* cannot be one and the same person.

Dr. F. GEHRING.

A Concert-Goer's Complaint.

(From the *Daily Advertiser*, of Nov. 3.)

The first of Theodore Thomas's series of symphony concerts took place last Wednesday evening. The Music Hall was filled by an attentive and apparently appreciative audience, whose unsparingly bestowed applause was wholly deserved, both by the able conductor and by his well-trained orchestra. We are truly fortunate in having so good a body of performers as this to make us familiar with the best music of all times,—past, present and future,—and Mr. Thomas certainly deserves great credit for his success, as well as the gratitude of the many lovers of music who frequent his concerts.

Now will it be allowed to one of the musical public, who is neither a professional musician nor a musical critic, and who has no other claim to be heard than that conferred by fondness for music and by the fact that he is one of the many for whom concerts are given—may such a one feel authorized to say a few words on the (to him) important subject of the selection of music for concerts in Boston? As a fact, concerts are given for the public, for us,—whether for our pleasure or for our instruction, or both combined, is to some extent an open question; but we compose the audience, we applaud, and we pay. As one of the all-important and all-powerful, though generally submissive, public, the writer of these remarks begs leave to enter a decided protest against the usual composition of Boston concert programmes. In so doing he feels convinced that he is speaking in the name of a large majority of the most sincere lovers of music in this community.

The programme of Wednesday is the bitter cause and pretext of our protestation, and affords a fair example of what we are accustomed to, and of what awaits us for our future entertainment. This concert was composed of three pieces, namely: "Harold in Italy," a symphonic poem or what not, by Berlioz; a pianoforte concerto with orchestra by Grieg, and Beethoven's Heroic symphony. Now, as we do not aspire to musical criticism, we will not attempt to formulate any judgment on the symphonic rhapsody of Berlioz, or decide to what extent the composer may have succeeded in depicting Harold's worn-out and haggard appearance by means of the "monody" played upon the muted viola; we will assume, for the time being, that this was all good music, and we will cheerfully add, without any reservation, that it was capably performed, especially by the muted monodist. So also with the long pianoforte affair by Grieg, which was performed with great skill and spirit by Mr. Boscovitz. The Heroic symphony we have ever been used to admire, and until last Wednesday to enjoy; the performance of this masterpiece also seemed to us very good. But we must again remember that we do not speak as a critic, and that it is not for us to decide whether the "coloring" imparted by Mr. Thomas in the rendition of this number was or was not "too sumptuous."

What we have to say is this: that a concert so composed is not an enjoyable concert, especially to a public so unmusical as that which fills our Music Hall, and of which we are one; that such a programme would not be cheerfully submitted to any where among the most musical communities of the Old World, whether in Germany, France or Italy, and that, as a fact, no such concerts are to be heard anywhere save in Boston. These assertions raise some questions that are likely to be considered disputable, so we will try to substantiate them.

The concert was not enjoyable. That alone should be sufficient condemnation if true, and we think it is so, judging by our own experience and by that of many friends. For, after all, with what object do we go to hear music? Our object is, or

should be, solely enjoyment, not to say *pleasure*; the pleasure of the heart and soul, not of the brain; the pleasure of happy or of tender and sad emotions, of sweet dreams of a happiness vainly hoped for, the pleasure of moods engendered by the joys and pangs of a sympathetic heart and expressed in the language not of ideas, but of the emotions; for such is music, the most emotional and the least intellectual of all the arts, powerless to impart ideas, eloquent to express sentiments, appealing to the heart and not to the reason. Hearing and enjoying music is therefore by no means, as many of our people seem to find satisfaction in thinking it, a dignified exercise of our noblest modes of intellectual activity; the listener who sits rapt in enjoyment of an inspired and inspiring strain is not mentally active but passive, and as a mode of cerebration the wandering of his imagination, however poetical, aspiring, or even sublime his emotions may seem to himself, to the active exercise of his reasoning faculties as hashish eating is to any useful employment of mind or body.

These considerations are not meant to detract from the value or the dignity of music, but to point out what we conceive to be a very prevalent and harmful misapprehension of the true object and scope of music. It is very apparent to any one who carefully observes the demeanor of our Boston audiences, and who bears in mind the small amount of musical talent and education generally prevalent, that the majority of our public do not and cannot enjoy the loftily pretentious musical entertainments to which they listen with such painstaking assiduity. It is a fact which we may as well humbly recognize, that our people, in common with the rest of the Anglo-Saxon race, are comparatively unmusical, notwithstanding our many estimable qualities of mind and character; this is conclusively shown by the insignificance of our native musical composers, and the low state of musical attainments among our people in general, compared with what we see among nations that are more favored in this respect. Any one who has lived in Germany, Italy or France knows how much more common than with us are the love and knowledge of music, and the ability to read music, to sing or to play on some instrument, be it only the piano. In default, however, of an innate love of music, and desirous in this branch of art not to fall below the high standard assumed by Boston in all that goes to constitute "culture," we regard music with that devout reverence which attaches to whatever passes our comprehension. Mistaking the nature and object of music, many of us seek in it an intellectual exercise, from which we may come away, fatigued, it may be, by the long inaction, or by the effort of laboriously-sustained attention, but at any rate satisfied that we have been intellectually improving ourselves, and that we have not mispent our time in the pursuit of mere pleasure. A great number of the people composing our audiences go to a concert in the same spirit as to a Lowell lecture, seeking the same kind of gratification; the more they are bored the better they like it, and the more willingly do they applaud. What gives the most satisfaction, if we may judge by the determined air of concentrated attention with which the audience listen, and by the long applause which follows, is music which we have been taught by our mentors to look upon as being of a very high order, music whose "suggestiveness" only the most cultivated intellects may be supposed to appreciate. And if such music, to be "understood" (for we Bostonians always aim at *understanding* music, and are never contented with simply feeling its beauties), requires the assistance of several pages of printed stuff, which shall tell us what it is all about, and help our weary brains and our jaded imaginations to follow the "intentions" of the composer, then the treat is indeed perfect, and we applaud the finished performance as gladly as the schoolboy throws up his cap when school is over.

Any one who is accustomed to enjoying the best music knows that it is difficult, even for those who possess the most thoroughly-trained musical organization, to appreciate music of the highest order at the first hearing. Let us only remember our first initiation to the grandeur of one of Beethoven's symphonies, or our first hearing of such an opera as "The Huguenots," and contrast the feeble and vague impression then produced with the enjoyment and emotion derived later on, when a succession of hearings had developed our perception of the beauties of these great works. How, then, can we view otherwise than with just suspicion of its genuineness the noisy and lengthened applause bestowed by Boston audiences at the first hearing of the most important compositions of Bach and Beethoven, or

of Liszt and Berlioz? The artists who sing and play to us take the measure of our taste better than we do ourselves; in the composition of the programmes they have to submit to the traditions of the place, and to the dictates of our self-constituted mentors; but when the too frequent "encore" gives them then the opportunity really to gratify their listeners, what pieces do they select as likely to be most pleasing? Invariably some popular tune or ditty, such as "Coming thro' the Rye," or "Home, Sweet Home," or "The Last Rose of Summer;" and the expansive smile and the murmur of delight which at once spreads over the hall shows how truly the real level of our taste has been divined.

Let us then understand once for all that music is to be enjoyed; moreover, let us know ourselves, and recognize, even at the expense of our vanity, what we are really able to enjoy, let us neither humbug ourselves nor allow others to humbug us.

Now why was the concert of which we are speaking not enjoyable, in spite of the excellent, the admirable quality of the music provided for our entertainment? Because the programme was composed of materials too heavy for any one to enjoy in one sitting, however robust his appetite for music of a lofty nature. Only the professional musician can tolerate such a succession of "*pièces de résistance*," and even he is rather interested by the technical qualities than pleased by the beauties of such a performance. Our receptivity of emotions to be derived from the grandest music is at the best limited and soon exhausted; those only who listen without emotion, and consequently without pleasure, can listen long without satiety and fatigue. Here is the real secret to our tolerance of programmes at whose heaviness a German or Italian audience would revolt. To use a homely illustration, such a concert as that of Wednesday is like a dinner composed of a boiled leg of mutton, followed by a sirloin, succeeded in turn by a roast goose and a turkey stuffed with chestnuts. We all know how we should regard a host guilty of treating us to such a bill of fare as that. The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof; the proof of the concert is in the pleasure it gives, and not in the effort of attention it requires, or in the fatigue or the ennui which it causes. Let us then have concerts which we can really enjoy, and not such concerts as we think we ought to be able to appreciate; let us simply seek in music the delicious pleasures which it has in store for those who love it, and not the gratification of a mistaken ambition and of a pedantic vanity. Such are the wishes and the modest aspirations of

A DISAPPOINTED SUBSCRIBER.

The "Old English Gentleman" in Court.

(From "Musical and Personal Recollections" by HENRY PHILLIPS.)

The first time I sang it in public was at a grand concert given on the stage of Her Majesty's Italian Opera in the Haymarket, where Sir George Smart conducted. We had a very large orchestra, led by Mori, and nearly all the first Italian and English singers appeared during the evening. Toward the end of the first act I sat down to the grand piano-forte, and commenced "The Old English Gentleman." At the end of the first verse the applause was great; at the termination of the second verse still greater; at the third, it increased; and at the end such a storm arose, that I was quite bewildered, and could not understand whether it meant condemnation of my song, or a re-demand. In my hesitation I hurried off the stage, and made for our ante-room at the back. Sir George hastened after me, saying, rather angrily (as, indeed, he well might, not knowing what my feelings were), "Why don't you come back?"

"What is it, Sir George?" I said, "are they hissing me?"

"Hissing!" he replied, "no, it's a tremendous encore." And it was an encore; indeed, such as I had never received before, and have never witnessed since. After that you may be sure I fired away at the "Old English Gentleman" wherever I went. Next morning my friend Mori, who always sought for matters which were good and reasonable, asked me all about this song, as he was impatient to publish it. I told him all I knew, where I first heard it, showed him the manuscript copy sent to me by Mr. Crewe, and that I understood from that gentleman it was a very old song, and the property of any one who liked to take it up.

With this information Mori prepared for its publication, and in less than a week it appeared with my name on the title-page, and a conspicuous

line saying no copy was correct or genuine but that published by Mori, and signed by me. The song began to sell immensely, and for a few days promised an abundant harvest; when lo! out came an edition by Mr. Purday, of Holborn, and, simultaneous with that, half-a-dozen other music shops issued *their* version, for it spread rapidly that I had said it was an old song and the property of any one. Mr. Purday fired the first shot, by issuing a notice to all transgressors that the song was his property, and his alone, and demanding the immediate withdrawal of all other editions, and an account of all the copies that had been sold. A most unenviable mark, I stood in the midst of all this contention. Mr. Purday was outrageous at my daring assertion, and the others passionately inquiring what I meant by deceiving them, I could do no more than repeat my information, and name the gentleman who told me, and who, I have no doubt, was fully impressed with the truth of his statement. Mr. Purday publicly questioned my veracity; and Mr. Mori threatened me with all sorts of vengeance for having deceived him; until, in the end, all set Mr. Purday at defiance, and that gentleman having nothing left but to bring the case before a jury, an action was consequently commenced and fixed to take place with as little delay as possible in Westminster Hall.

Mr. Purday everywhere asserted he had purchased the copyright, which was not then credited; for though he was not a very young looking gentleman, we were quite sure that he did not live during the reign of Elizabeth, at or about which period we knew the words were written. So all remained a mystery, till the trial, which was certainly a very droll one, and caused more laughter than is usually heard in courts of law.

All the editions were now withdrawn, with the exception of that claimed by Mr. Purday, and, by the day fixed for the trial, every species of musical authority had been summoned, as it became evident to the legal advisers that the question must turn upon the originality of the melody. It would not be sufficient for even the author to make oath that it was his composition, if it was like something else, for people generally thought the air was familiar. All speculation at length ceased, and the musical world stood breathless, waiting the issue of this interesting inquiry. When the trial came on the court was crowded with persons connected with such matters.

The first witness called became terribly confused, stuttered, and stammered—didn't know, and couldn't say—thought it was not an original melody; fancied he knew it well, or had heard it before, but would not swear to it; so he was bid to stand down, after ruffling and perplexing the barristers on both sides.

The author swore to the composing of the melody; that is, he "thinks he did;" suggested the one barrister, while the other insisted that the man of genius ought to know best.

"Not at all," was the reply. "I might as well write a grand chorus, and complain that Handel had copied every note of it; the thing is ridiculous." He proceeded, "If the melody, or whatever it is, happens to be like other things, or, as it has been hinted to me, is nothing more than a common exercise, the composer must have written it during some very comfortable dream, and waking, flattered himself that he had set the old words to a new, beautiful, and original melody. I have known many instances of great composers doing a similar thing, that is, writing on a theme, which had long been impressed upon the brain, and which remained there until they fancied it original. However, we'll submit that question to greater musical authorities than myself, all of whom will, I have not doubt, bear out my statement. Call Mr. Henry R. Bishop."

After the usual preliminary questions, Mr. Bishop was asked "Whether he thought the melody was an original one?"

"He could not say—it might be, or it might not be; he fancied he had heard it before, or something very like it; but could not trace it; had tried, but failed; and to the extent of his belief, he really did not know, and couldn't say;" so he stood down, and we all remained as wise as ever.

The counsel on both sides were much irritated by the difficulty of eliciting anything like a decided opinion; and the judge was showing evidences of being as much puzzled as the rest, when Mr. Tom Cooke was called.

Up jumped Mr. Tom into the witness box as light as a fairy. Every one seemed under the impression that this witness would turn the scale, though the barristers were much disposed to think, with Dr. Johnson, that "fiddlers have no brains."

Counsel. Your name is Thomas Cooke, I believe?

re - lies flames will burn all!

Hear her songs all vic -

O Zi - on, thou art doom'd, De -

to - rious! hear her songs!

your - ing flames will burn all, Destroy thy

Hear her songs all vic -

The musical score is written for a vocal part and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo and style are indicated by the notation, which includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, and the piano part is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

re - - lies, Thine, O Lord! Hear her

to - - - - - rious!

cries, hear her cries of woe!

hear her songs all vic - to - rious!

Ped.

*

Andante come Sopra.

CHORUS. Promis'd joys! menac'd woes! O mystic gloom im-

f p p

SOPR. I SOLO.

pend-ing! These cries.... of doubt forbear! Our God.... will make all

clear..... Let us re - vere Him, And humbly fear Him.

pp

Re - vere Him, And hum-bly

pp

Re - vere Him, And hum-bly

pp

cresc. pp

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

fear Him; His frowns will prove.... But hidden smiles of

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

fear Him; His frowns will prove.... But hidden smiles of

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

fear Him; His frowns will prove.... But hidden smiles of

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

Andante tranquillo.
SOPR. I. SOLO.

Hearts feel, that love Thee, No e - - vil can dis - turb their rest.

SOPR. II. SOLO.

Hearts feel, that love Thee, No e - - vil can dis - turb their rest.

CONTR' ALTO SOLO.

Hearts feel, that love Thee, No e - - vil can dis - turb their rest.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

Andante tranquillo.

pp

Tom. So I've always been led to believe.
 Counsel. And a professor of music?
 Tom. A professor of the divine art.
 Counsel. We'll put divinity aside, for the present, Mr. Cooke.
 Tom. (*sotto voce*) Don't like music.
 Counsel. Do you know a song called "The Old English Gentleman?"
 Tom. No! I do not; I've heard it.
 Counsel. Don't know it, but has heard it, my Lud. I suppose, sir, if you were ask'd, you could sing it?
 Tom. I'm not quite sure that I could, I've a bad memory, unless I receive a refresher. (A loud laugh through the court was the response to this witticism, during which the examining counsel shook his head violently).
 Usher. —Si—lence!
 Counsel. I see you're inclined to be very witty, Mr. Cooke.
 Tom. Upon my honor I am not, I'm only telling the truth. (Another general laugh.)
 Usher. —Si—lence!
 Counsel. Now, Mr. Cooke, attend particularly to this question, "Do you, or do you not believe that the melody in dispute is an ancient melody or a modern one?"
 Tom. Well, that you see, depends entirely on when it was written. It might be five hundred years old, or it may have been written yesterday. It's a mighty accommodating tune, and would do for either period.
 Counsel. It really appears to me that there is no probability of coming to any definite conclusion unless his lordship and the court were to hear it. We cannot ask you, Mr. Cooke, of course, to sing it; but if you had an instrument could you play it?
 Tom. What! at sight? (A roar of laughter.)
 Counsel. I don't know what you mean by at sight, sir, but if the tune were put before you, could you play it?
 Tom. I think, if my nerve does not fail me, I could.
 Counsel. What instrument can we get you, sir?
 Tom. O anything.
 Counsel. O anything. A Jew's Harp.
 Tom. No; it might require a Jew's eye to read the music.
 Counsel. (Much ruffled) Will a fiddle do, sir?
 Tom. Yes.
 Counsel. Let a fiddle be got.
 A rather long pause now ensued, while a messenger sought for the violin, during which the barristers conversed with great earnestness. Some laughed, others frowned, while the judge looked over his memoranda. At length a fiddle was brought into court, when the counsel, addressing the judge, said,—
 "Beg pardon, my Lud, I presume you have no objection to the music being tried in court?"
 Judge. Oh no, not at all, if the witness will oblige us.
 Tom. (Who jumped as an Irish boy would into the witness box again) said, It'll be the pride of my heart, my lord.
 The fiddle was handed to him, he tuned it, and placed the music before him.
 A suppressed laugh ran through the court, Mr. Cooke had just produced the first note, when the usher called out—Si—lence!
 Tom. What, musn't I play it?
 Counsel. Yes, yes. Go on, sir.
 Mr. Cooke played it slowly and deliberately through.
 Judge. Is that all?
 Tom. It is, my lord.
 Judge. Well, that appears to be very simple and easy.
 Tom. (holding out the bow and violin). It is, Will your lordship try it?
 This sally was followed by roars of laughter, which for many minutes could not be suppressed, while the counsel got awfully red in the face with rage.
 Counsel. Now, Mr. Cooke, as you profess to be a musician, will you tell us, in the first place, is that which you have just played a melody?
 Tom. Well, I really don't think it is. The first part is merely ascending the scale, and the few bars afterwards I don't think amount to a melody.
 Counsel. This is evading the question. Do you know what a melody is?
 Tom. I'm an Irishman, and I think I do.
 Counsel. Well, define it.
 Tom. Define what? (both parties were now in a passion).
 Counsel. Define, sir, what is a melody.
 Tom. It's impossible.

Counsel. Can you decline a verb, sir?

Tom. I think I can.

Counsel. Do then.

Tom. (Seeming to think, and casting his eyes about him with a satirical smile,) said, I'm an ass, he's an ass, and (pointing to the barrister) You're an ass. (Roars of laughter, in which the Judge joined).

Counsel. Let that witness stand down.

All means and witnesses having failed to stamp the song as an original melody, the decision was left in the hands of the jury, who, under all the circumstances, declared in favor of Mr. Purday, and he became the sole possessor of the "Old English Gentleman."

By this time, what with my success in "O no we never mention her," "Farewell to the Mountain," and the "Old English Gentleman," my position at the Ancient Concerts, and the few festivals I had attended, I was recognized as the successor of Mr. Bartleman, and considered the Primo Baritone wherever I sang.

Gigantic Concert Scheme in London.—Royal Albert Hall Season 1874-75.—Concerts Every Evening.

We have received the proof of a Circular issued by the great London music publishers, Messrs. NOVELLO, EWER & Co., in which they announce their arrangements for giving performances in the Royal Albert Hall, on a scale of completeness and efficiency hitherto unattempted anywhere. And they will take place *every evening* (beginning Nov. 7); so that the musical American arriving in the great city needs no further information; this resource for a good musical evening will be open to him always. The plan is so remarkable that we have concluded to lay the whole before our readers, copying from the Circular.

In submitting the following comprehensive and, it is believed, unique scheme of operations the Directors do not think it necessary to insist upon the advantages of the noble edifice in which the Concerts will take place. They may point out, however, that its unequalled dimensions will enable them to organize performances on the completest scale, and of the most imposing character, under conditions adapted to the means of every amateur. Erected for a national artistic purpose, the Royal Albert Hall will thus be fulfilling its mission in the strictest sense. The Directors also desire to draw attention to the fact that in the colossal organ which has, from the first, been one of the greatest attractions of the Hall, they have such means of illustrating an important branch of musical art as are available nowhere else. With this object, the most eminent English and foreign performers upon the "King of Instruments" will appear from time to time.

Recognizing the many legitimate forms of music, and appreciating their relative value, the Directors have determined to make the Concerts representative in the widest sense, by comprising within their scheme the subjoined features:

I.—Classical Orchestral, and Vocal Music.

This department will include, not only works by the recognized "great masters," but, also, the compositions of those who stand next in order of merit, and whose undoubted genius has not yet met with adequate appreciation. Not only will an act of justice be thus attempted, but a considerable element of novelty will be secured. The Directors propose so to arrange the programmes, from time to time, as to illustrate particular periods in the history of Music, and in the career of illustrious Composers—such, for example, as the "three styles" of Beethoven. Prominence will also be given to the Instrumental Solos which abound in the repertory of classical music; the most eminent artists of the day being engaged for their performance. The Concerts of Classical Instrumental, and Vocal Music will take place on Wednesday evenings, under the direction of Mr. Barnby.

II.—English Music.

The first portion of each Tuesday's programme will be devoted to Orchestral and other works by English composers, thus promoting, it is hoped, a wider and more adequate appreciation of native art. Encouragement to the production of such works is, just now, of particular value, and the Directors have resolved upon doing their utmost by inviting the

best known English musicians to write specially for these Concerts. Another attractive feature will be the performance of Glees—perhaps, the most distinctively national style of English music—by a body of eminent vocalists, under the experienced direction of Mr. Montem Smith. The second part of the Tuesday programmes will contain Orchestral and Vocal selections, not exclusively English, chosen and arranged, as far as possible, to secure particular interest, historical and other. In order that this important section of the scheme may receive undivided attention, the Directors have placed it under the efficient conductorship of Mr. John Francis Barnett.

III.—Modern Orchestral Music.

The attention now claimed for works belonging to the modern and contemporary school, especially those of German origin, and the important influence such works are exerting on every hand, have induced the Directors to set apart Friday evening in each week for their performance. Care will be taken to make the programmes thoroughly representative, and it is proposed to devote the second part of each to selections from the Operas, &c., of Richard Wagner, given in the most complete form allowed by concert-room exigencies. The Directors are happy to announce that the performances of Modern Orchestral Music will be under the direction of Mr. Edward Dannreuther.

IV.—Oratorio.

In any such scheme as the present, prominence must necessarily be given to those great musical epics, which have done so much to promote a love for true art among the English public. Performances of Oratorio will, therefore, take place every Thursday, on the same scale, and with the same completeness, as have distinguished the Concerts of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society in previous seasons. The direction of this branch of the enterprise is confided to the experience and skill of Mr. Barnby.

V.—Songs, Ballads, Madrigals, &c.

These legitimate forms of the art will supply material for each Monday's programme, in association with popular Orchestral Compositions and Instrumental Solos of various kinds. Prominence will be given to Madrigals and Part-Songs; for the adequate rendering of which a special choir has been organized.

VI.—Ballet and other Popular Music.

It is proposed to make the Saturday performance as generally attractive and entertaining as possible, consistent with the character and aim of the enterprise as a whole. The programmes will, therefore, be largely devoted to Ballet, and other Dance Music, popular Songs and Instrumental Solos by the most eminent artists, care being taken that everything performed shall represent the best of its kind.

Both the Monday and Saturday Concerts will be under the direction of Mr. Barnby.

The scheme, as above detailed, may be varied from time to time by the introduction of Church music, Operatic Selections, and other music, the claims of which ought not to be wholly ignored.

The Weekly Programme of arrangements may be concisely tabulated as follows:—

Monday	-	-	-	Ballad Night.
Tuesday	-	-	-	English Night.
Wednesday	-	-	-	Classical Night.
Thursday	-	-	-	Oratorio Night.
Friday	-	-	-	Wagner Night.
Saturday	-	-	-	Popular Night.

Analytical Programmes.

The value of Analytical and Historical notes in furthering the knowledge and appreciation of musical works is now generally admitted. Whenever necessary, therefore, the Programme Books of these Concerts will contain such notes, specially written by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

The Orchestra.

An Orchestra of seventy performers has been chosen with great care from among the best English and Continental players, and will include amongst others:—Messrs. Pollitzer (Leader), Kummer, Buziau, Ralph, L. Diehl, Jacoby, Max Vogell, Earnshaw, Grimson, Stehling, Westrop, Libotton, C. Ould, Boatwright, Van Gelden, Lütgen, Rudersdorf, E. Ould, Jakeway, Waud, Kendall, &c., &c.; Messrs. Svendsen, Dubrucq, Maycock, Wotton, Wendland, Markland, Badderley, Hughes, &c.

The Chorus.

The Oratorio Chorus will consist of the members

of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, a body of amateurs now in the highest state of efficiency; and in order to give due effect to Madrigals, Part-Songs, and other small-works, an entirely new Choir has been most carefully organized.

The Directors have much pleasure in announcing that they have succeeded in making engagements with the following eminent artists:—

SOPRANI:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Campobello-Sinico, Madlle. Elena Corani, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Otto-Alvsleben, Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Katharine Poyntz, and Madlle. Johanna Levier, (Her First Appearance in London.)

ALTI:—Madame Patey, Miss Julia Elton, Miss Helen D'Alton, Miss Dones, and Miss Antoinette Sterling.

TENORS:—Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Fabbrini, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Vernon Rigby.

BASSES:—Mr. Whitney, (His First Appearance at the Royal Albert Hall), Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Winn, Mr. Thurley Beale, Signor Caravoglia, and Signor Agnesi.

GLUE PARTY, under the direction of Mr. Montem Smith, consisting of Mr. Robert Barnby, Mr. W. Carter, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Winn.

SOLO PIANO:—Madame Annette Essipoff, Madlle. Marie Krebs, Miss Emma Barnett, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Dr. Hans von Bülow, Mr. E. Dannreuther, Mr. J. F. Barnett, Mr. Franklin Taylor, Mr. Walter Bache, Mr. Willem Coenen, Mr. W. H. Thomas, and Mr. Charles Hallé.

SOLO VIOLIN:—Madame Norman-Neruda and Madlle. Castellani, Herr Wilhelmj, Herr Straus, Mr. Carrodus, Herr Pollitzer, Herr A. Kummer, M. Buziau, and M. Sainton.

SOLO VIOLONCELLO:—Signor Piatti and M. Libotton, (Late Professor at the Conservatoire de Musique, Brussels).

SOLO ORGAN:—Dr. Stainer and M. Guilmant.

SOLO TRUMPET:—Mr. Thomas Harper.

SOLO CORNET:—Mr. Levy.

SOLO OPHICLEIDE:—Mr. Hughes.

ACCOMPANIST:—Mr. W. H. Thomas.

CONDUCTOR OF THE MILITARY MUSIC:—Mr. Dan Godfrey.

CONDUCTORS:—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. J. F. Barnett, Signor Randegger, and Mr. E. Dannreuther.

The names of nearly all these distinguished artists speak for themselves, but the Directors wish to draw special attention to the first appearance in England of Madlle. Johanna Levier, a Soprano who has won great distinction on the Continent, and who, it is anticipated, will achieve equal success here. They also desire to state that Mr. Sims Reeves has accepted a large number of engagements, and will appear at nearly all the Oratorio performances, as well as, frequently, on Saturday evenings.

The eminent American Bass, Mr. Whitney, who acquired so much popularity during his recent visit to England, has been specially engaged for these Concerts, and will make his *début* in the Royal Albert Hall at an early date.

The Directors are happy to add that they have secured the valuable services of Herr Wilhelmj, one of the greatest of living Violinists, who will make his first appearance at these Concerts, after an absence of some years.

Many other important engagements are still pending.

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC AND CONDUCTOR:—Mr. Barnby.

PRICES OF ADMISSION. In order to give these Concerts a popular character in the widest and best sense of the term, it has been decided to fix the Prices of Admission at the following uniform rate for each performance:—

Boxes, Grand Tier (to seat ten persons), Three Guineas; Loggia (to seat eight persons), Two Guineas; Upper Tier (to seat five persons), One Guinea; Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.; Arena Stalls, 4s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; **ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.**

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 14, 1874.

Concert Programmes.

We have copied, with a view of answering some points of it, "A Concert-goer's Complaint," although after all, the game seems hardly worth the candle. The writer, who signs himself "A Disappointed Subscriber," takes his text from the first "Symphony Concert" of Theodore Thomas, the programme of which we have already characterized as "singularly heavy," "put together without rhyme or reason." So far, therefore, his complaint has our fullest sympathy. But when upon that instance he proceeds to base a charge against "the usual composition of Boston programmes," we are tempted to remind him that that was *not* a Boston, but a Thomas programme. When has Boston ever made such programmes for itself? It takes Theodore Thomas to do that; and even he, with all his piling up of things huge, monstrous and grotesque, like Hindoo architecture,—Liszt's "Symphonic Poems," Wagner Faust overtures, Berlioz's conceits and startling effects, all in the same concert,—does not always do that, but sometimes gives a well relieved and reasonable programme, as witness that of this week, (at least the first two-thirds of it). Nor is it true that no such concerts are to be heard anywhere save in Boston; they are heard wherever Thomas goes; precisely the same programme was repeated by him last week in New York and Philadelphia, and with characteristic obstinacy he will reassert his will in that shape throughout the length and breadth of the land,—unless it should cost him too much time to "convert Boston."

He is right, too, in supposing that "such a programme would not be cheerfully submitted to anywhere among the most musical communities of the Old World." Such a programme: but when you come to the usual composition of classical orchestral concerts here in Boston,—take for example the whole nine series of Harvard programmes from the first,—you find them made up of essentially the same kind of matter, in about the same proportions, with like variety and contrast, as the concerts of Berlin or Leipzig, or those of the Conservatoire or Pasdeloup in Paris, or the Philharmonics in London,—the last named perhaps being exceptional in length and heaviness, which a good deal of miscellany interspersed serves more to aggravate than to relieve. In Berlin the Sinfonie programmes of the royal orchestra consist always of two symphonies and two overtures; the same plan is common in the Dresden programmes. In a very few exceptional cases in past years, two Symphonies have figured in a Harvard programme; but two symphonies are generally admitted to be too much for Boston, and her programme makers have not many sins to answer for in that respect. And yet what is a Symphony but a well related series or succession of contrasted pieces? If its first allegro is "intellectual" (if you so please to call it), is it not followed by the Andante, which is "emotional"? And if that be grave and slow, is not the Scherzo playful? A symphony is the model of a true programme in itself.

Now all these concerts, while they seek to gratify and to improve the love, the taste for *what is best* in music, also study such combinations, contrasts, and varieties as may make the programme as a whole enjoyable. They appeal in the main, of course, to the fit audience; to people of culture, more or less in music, but of culture and some depth and earnestness of nature, character and feeling generally, who in music, as in all things, long for opportunities of hearing what is best, most beautiful and noble, most

inspiring. Every sort of concert has its audience; but this kind is for the higher audience: and people go to the Symphony or Philharmonic Concert, rather than to the popular medley, for the same reason that they go to hear *Don Juan* or *Fidelio*, in preference to the cheaper sort of modern Italian operas or the *Opera Bouffe*, or to hear Shakspeare rather than the trashier *ad captandum* sort of plays. And the comparison is to the purpose; for just as in the opera, the play, the Oratorio too, a certain unity of purpose and of tone throughout is not complained of on the ground of "heaviness," so likewise in the making up of a good programme, a certain consistency and keeping between all its parts must be preserved, lest it become a mere heterogeneous medley, which is the heaviest and most tedious of all entertainments. No one would ask,—probably not even Mr. "Disappointed,"—to have "Comin' thro' the Rye" or "Uncle Ned" right in the wake of a Beethoven Symphony, or in answer to the encore of a Mozart Aria or a Song by Franz or Schumann. But if that be absurd, is it not equally bad taste to seek to lighten or enliven a Symphony programme by the insertion of things which can be and which commonly are (in miscellaneous "star" concerts, and the like) succeeded, on the artist's recall, by the "popular tunes and ditties," which are thought to take the measure of the average listener? Cannot a programme be *all* of a high kind, all fine, all beautiful, all full of genius and imagination, all *genial*, as the Germans have it, and yet not be heavy? Indeed can any other sort of programme escape heaviness? We point to last week's Harvard programme (in spite of its too great length), we point to almost every one of nine years' Symphony programmes, for signal proof that this is possible. Those programmes were not made for "studies," for "intellectual exercises," for demonstration of rules and methods by example; they were made for beauty, and for feeling, and for inspiration and expansion, by bringing the careworn slave of life's ceaseless drudgery into some quickening contact with great men of genius, masters in the "divine art."

If such concerts ever become heavy, it is in one of three ways. Either by a pedantic clinging to great names or schools, reviving the obscure and unimportant works of masters who wrote also great things, thus lending something of a *perruque*, or what we call "old foggy" air to the occasion; to this we have not been very much addicted here in Boston; on the contrary, not content with having the best master, we are always calling for the best master's best production. Or, secondly, a symphony concert is made heavy by the attempt to cater to the idle curiosity and call for novelty, for new composers; this has made so many of the Thomas programmes heavy; one or two of the Liszt monstrosities, flanked by smaller efforts of some of the *Düminores* and fledgelings of "the newness,"—a single "Harold Symphony" of Berlioz for instance,—are enough to weigh down any programme beyond the power of even Beethoven to redeem it. The heaviness of that programme was not in the *Eroica*; it was in the *Eroica* coming after all that helpless heaviness of Berlioz, only seemingly relieved by the brilliant, but we fear we must say sensational and only half beautiful pianoforte Concerto. Nor did it lie in the heaping of symphony on symphony; for the Berlioz work is not a symphony.—Thirdly, a programme is made heavy,—and this is the heaviest heaviness of all,—by the frequent sprinkling of "light" sweetmeats and confectionery over the bill of fare,—the kind of food that sours the stomach and destroys the appetite. To think to "lighten" or relieve a symphony concert by turning it into a miscellaneous concert, and robbing it of all consistency and harmony of tone, is a childish mistake; else would a milliner's window, with perhaps one

or two decent busts or pictures set up in it, be as edifying a sight as any masterwork of Raphael or of Thorwaldsen. If the "average Boston programme" has finally in a great measure got beyond this, is it not decidedly an improvement and somewhat to our credit? That dispensation, let us hope, went out with Gilmore! (not entirely.) At all events we think it well that it requires a certain moral courage now (*bravado* is a fitter word) to offer to refined audiences that sort of entertainment which used to be called a "miscellaneous" or "popular" concert; not that all kinds do not have their public; but the caterers now, thanks to the influence of the symphony and other high-toned concerts, have felt obliged to study some consistency and some nobility of programme. Of course there is a fourth cause of heaviness; namely, the putting together of too much even of the very best at once, or the combining of great things without due regard to contrast; there may be a surfeit of the beautiful itself. But when we consider how much of contrast there is in a symphony itself (as we have said before), how much of contrast in the various forms of works and their expression, in the individualities of the composers, in the instruments employed, &c., &c., in most such concerts, it must be that the complaint is in a great many cases wholly inconsiderate and not always quite sincere.—We have referred all along to Symphony concerts, because our complainer owns to an admiration and enjoyment ("until last Wednesday") of the *Eroica*. And in a postscript article of this week, he says let us have "the symphony" by all means; but is he indifferent in what company, what setting, it shall appear? Is it all the same whether it comes surrounded by congenial fine spirits, at home in its own element, or by a mob of modern sensational strivers for effect, or commonplace and trivial associations? And, by the way, this postscript raises one or two new points, especially the question of the placing of the symphony (in the programme), which is worth discussion at another time; it would be too long now.

—But what is all this nonsense (we must be brief) about music being "solely for enjoyment, pleasure," "the least intellectual of all the arts," and about people going to listen to it from a "sense of duty," mistaking it for an "intellectual exercise," knitting their brows in the struggle to "understand it," and "the more they are bored the better they like it." We deny the fact *in toto*. People are not such fools. We are familiar with this kind of talk; it will always be talked, and it will always pass by like the idle wind. We had a worthy friend who was for years afflicted with this same anxious nightmare; he never could believe that people really did enjoy the good things which they fancied they enjoyed; even in musical Dresden, in a small hall of the musical *élite*, not to speak of Boston, he would have it that people listening to classical concerts were deceiving both themselves and others and affecting a delight they could not feel—O no, not possible! We trust this is not the same man, although he writes with the same air of culture and mastery of good English; but he disclaims (what would be false modesty in the other) all pretension to musicianship or right to criticize,—although he does use the term "rendition," which ought to be enough for his credentials with the newspaper critical fraternity.—But look now,—very briefly:—

We hear music "solely for enjoyment," do we? Is there no difference in the quality and nature of enjoyments? Is the joy of a Beethoven nothing finer than the joy of a coarse, drunken boor? Is the joy you feel in the great "Joy" Symphony, or in that Seventh which we heard last week, or in that number Eight, all sunshine, not a rarer, purer, nobler and more joyful kind of joy, than you have ever felt in a common dance or drinking song? And as for "emotion," feeling, are not some emotions of a far more intellectual quality and temper than others? and is not the emotional expression of some poems and some music infinitely richer, deeper and more satisfying than that of your hacknied simple ballad? It is because the very life and being of the man is richer, deeper, and because it gives a fine thrill, a glorious lift and sense of new life and strength to come into magnetic contact with a great man, [a great genius, as you can with Beethoven, in listening to his music. Is there aught mystical or transcendental in the assertion, that the emotion and the joy, and the power of giving enjoyment by his works, is greater in an "intellectual" man than it

is in the "least intellectual?" Does not one's intellectuality temper his whole life, refine his sympathies, and purify and quicken as it were, the very blood of his creations in whatever form of Art, giving them something of the true electric quality? It is a poor and narrow use of the word "intellectual" to confine it to cold and calculating analysis and mathematics. All great Music, all great Art is intellectual. And to enjoy it, it is not necessary to "understand" it either metaphysically or technically. Such understanding helps, no doubt; but one may have almost supreme enjoyment in a Symphony or painting, which they cannot analyze or criticize, and of which the artist's working method is all Hebrew to him. Can you not watch for hours the waves as they roll up on the beach, and be transported by the beauty and the grandeur; and yet what do you "understand" about the law of all those curves and swells and wonderful crescendos?

Doubtless there are in every concert audience a very few individuals, who, not blest originally with a fine musical sense or nature, listen intellectually, with intent will, to try to reach through voluntary understanding, the fine enjoyment which they see in others. They, at least, listen reverently; they respect the Art and its great masters; they respect genius everywhere, and if they try to put themselves *en rapport* with it by "listening hard" to what they have reason to believe to be the best, is it not altogether to their credit? Do they do themselves, or you or me the slightest harm by it?

Concerts.

The first HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT was musically a success, and in spite of its too great length appeared to give great satisfaction to a large and an exacting audience. Nearly all remained in their seats for two hours and a quarter rather than lose a note of that inspiring, perfectly beautiful and glorious Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, which was on the whole remarkably well played,—if not with perfect finish in the least details, at all events with life and fervor, so that the spirit, form and beauty of the work were felt and well appreciated. The body of strings was larger than heretofore, and the orchestra (for Boston) uncommonly well balanced and efficient. Their work throughout the concert showed no slighting of rehearsal under the careful hand of CARL ZERRAHN. How many symphonies would so enchain an audience at the end of so long and rich a programme!

The opening Overture, to Spohr's *Faust*, heard here for the first time, belongs to the freshest and most genial music of the composer who grew so manneristic and so cloying with his peculiar harmonies. It is a vigorous, impassioned work, with tender episodes, and now and then a passage of that half morbid, brooding sort of harmony, and a bit of fugue; all interesting and preserving a clear unity of form; certainly a good addition to our stock of overtures. The *Chaconne* from Gluck's "Orpheus," (it comes at the end of the opera, where it is accompanied by dancing) seemed to delight everybody by its healthy, hearty vigor, the simple, massive passages for all the strings, and the sweet and lovely contrasts of the tender themes for oboes, bassoons, &c. There was a master who could make much of little! The only fault of the E-minor Concerto of Chopin is its excessive length; though it must be admitted that in the hands of a greater expert in the treatment of the orchestra its beautiful ideas would be set forth to more advantage; Chopin, in venturing beyond the pianoforte, was not exactly in his true sphere of power. MME. MADELINE SCHILLER almost surpassed herself in the brilliant precision, delicacy and sustained power of her execution. The orchestra accompanied quite delicately. The debutante of the occasion (her first introduction to a Boston audience,) MISS ABBIE WHINERY, made an excellent impression by her clear, fresh, sympathetic quality of voice,—a rather high soprano,—and by the pure style, the unaffected and sincere expression, and the dramatic power, with which she sang the difficult Concert Aria: "Infelice," by Mendelssohn, a piece modelled after the concert arias by Mozart. The two songs by Franz, finely accompanied by Mr. LEONHARD, were also very sweetly, sympathetically sung, although Miss Whinery had been a stranger to the very name of Franz until a few weeks before the concert. She was more successful in the first, the "Slumber Song" by Tieck, than in the wild, impassioned "Er ist gekommen," of which she caught the right expression, only it needed more of it.

In the next concert (Thursday, 19th), the "Cecilia" will make its first appearance, and sing besides

the "Walpurgis Night," a quaint old Madrigal by Weelkes, (1600) and a part-song, "The Lark," by Mendelssohn. The Symphony will be the No. 1, in D (without Minuet) by Mozart, and the Overture that to Cherubini's "Les Abencerrages."

Mr. THOMAS's second Symphony programme was far more interesting than the first. But of that, as well as the Matinée and the fine singing of Miss EMMA CLANCH, we must speak next time. So, too, of the fine Glee Concerts of the New York singers, and of MME. SCHILLER's Piano-forte Recital this week. —Mr. PERABO announces two Matinées at Wesleyan Hall, Nov. 20, and Dec. 4; and the Philharmonic Club (Mr. LISTMANN and party) offer something very rich and attractive in the form of Four Classical Matinées at Mechanics Hall, on Mondays, Nov. 30, Dec. 14, Dec. 28, and Feb. 1.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1874. The prospectus of the Brooklyn Philharmonic society, (seventeenth season), announces the re-engagement of Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, who will give five concerts and fifteen public rehearsals. The price of subscription tickets will be the same as last season viz: eight dollars for concerts and rehearsals. The number of subscriptions for full sets of tickets will be limited to twelve hundred. The price of single tickets to each concert will be one dollar and fifty cents, and no reduction will be made to subscribers. Seats for concerts may be secured in the Balcony and Dress Circle at an extra charge of seventy-five cents in the former and fifty cents in the latter for each concert. The remaining parts of the house will be free to all. Special arrangements are made by which subscribers may secure reserved seats for the entire season. No reserved seats will be sold after 6 p. m. on the day of each concert.

The demand for season tickets for the Thomas Symphony Concerts at Steinway Hall is quite unprecedented. The sale began on Monday last. Some anxious purchasers were on the ground as early as 6 o'clock on Sunday evening and kept their vigils in front of the hall all night; so as to be first in line on the following morning. These were speculators of course, but the fact proves that the demand for places exceeds the supply.

The first Public Rehearsal took place on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 5th, and the first concert on Saturday evening, Nov. 7th, when the programme of his first "Symphony Concert" in Boston (which Boston people found so "heavy," was repeated here.

The Symphony, "Harold in Italy" has been called the greatest work of a composer whose precise artistic status has never yet been fixed. Passing much of his life in France, he found his most enthusiastic admirers in Germany, where the romantic character of his music was best appreciated, and where any departure from the classical form is apt to be taken as an indication of progress.

The Harold symphony is not entirely new to our public. Mr. Thomas produced it here many years ago, but it was, doubtless, new to nearly all of the audience last Saturday night. A brief analysis of the work, reading like a translation from the French, was appended to the programme. The symphony has been described as one which cannot be properly enjoyed without the accompaniment of a verbal text—but I think this cannot be said truly of any really great composition, nor would any composer of genius feel the need of giving a written explanation of his music, that those not having ears may hear. Art speaks for herself and to her own elect. In the "Harold" symphony we have, not a work of genius, but one of stupendous talent; and the monody for the viola, which serves as a central theme, (the "Child Harold" of the poem) is treated throughout with wonderful skill and beauty. Part second, entitled "The march and evening prayer," where the rhythm is broken at regular intervals by one clear note of a horn sounding like a deep-toned bell, took a strong hold of the audience; and the same may be said of the last part, "Orgies of Brigands." This work taxes the best powers of the Orchestra, and the playing, from first to last, was perfection.

The Grieg Concerto is quite new and seems to be full of beautiful and original ideas. It is long indeed since anything so fresh and charming in the way of pianoforte composition has been presented here. Mr. Boscovitz played the concerto from memory with taste and feeling; although some of the most delicate passages were a trifle blurred by his nervousness.

A noble performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony ended the concert; and it was in this familiar work that the strong points of the orchestra were

most delightfully apparent. Even those passages for horns in the Scherzo—passages which cannot be played by any possibility—were not slighted, and the exquisite Finale, which is the best part of the whole work, was treated superbly.

In his announcements for the next concert, Nov. 28, Mr. Thomas proves himself to be indeed "The King of programme makers." * He builds a pyramid with Bach at the foundation and Liszt at the apex, (in other words the point where the monument dwindles into nothingness.)

Here is the order in which the selections are arranged.

Suite, B minor. (first time.)	Bach.
Trio, Tremate, empi, Tremate, op. 116. for Soprano, Tenor, Bass and Orchestra.	Beethoven.
Symphony, No. 1 in B. op. 28	Schumann.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, op. 185. (new)	Mr. S. B. Mills.
Symphonic Poem, Die Ideale.	Liszt.

At the third symphony concert Saturday evening, January 9, 1875, Raff's new symphony, No. 6, D minor will be played first time.

The first Philharmonic concert will take place on next Saturday evening when Beethoven's Sixth symphony will be played.

At the opera *Ernani* will be performed to-night, and Verdi's *Requiem Messe* is in rehearsal.

A. A. C.

Chickering & Sons.

The whole circle of their friends—and it is a very wide one, extending over the whole United States,—will rejoice to find our noble old Piano-making firm, who have been driven about by fire and other changes, established at last in most commodious and tasteful quarters; a building beautifully situated, constructed according to their own ideal both of use and taste, and admirable every way. We take the following description from the *Advertiser*; our readers will be particularly pleased, we know, with the agreeable information contained in the closing paragraph.

The beautiful new building erected on the John Parker estate, next door to the Mason & Hamlin building on Tremont street, built by Mr. J. J. Dixwell, was occupied this week by Chickering & Sons, who now have one of the best and largest pianoforte warehouses in the country. The building was designed by Peabody & Stearns, and in its external and internal appearance is remarkably tasteful, while the construction is thorough and substantial. The building is five stories high, including the mansard, and fronts both on Tremont and Mason streets. The Tremont-street facade is of granite, ornamented with polished shafts. The granite work runs up into the mansard story in the shape of a central luthern. The architectural details are Gothic in character. The front of the mansard is brick covered with slate. In the first story there are two entrances, with a large show window occupying the entire space between them. This window has a single sheet of plate glass, making one of the largest in the city. The Mason-street facade is of plain brick. The five floors of the interior are devoted to the exhibition of pianos. The first story is elegantly finished in black walnut, which shows in beautiful contrast against the white hard finish of the walls and ceiling. The floor is of light and dark maple laid in alternate strips, and in ornamental patterns. A handsome archway divides the room about two-thirds of the way back. There is a grand staircase of black walnut on the right. There are two elevators run by hydraulic power, one for passengers, and the other, which is three or four times the ordinary size, for pianos. The gas fixtures are of an artistic pattern. In the front of the second story are the offices, which are fitted up with every convenience. This story is also finished with black walnut. The three stories above are finished in s-p-h. The two upper stories are floored with hard pine and all the others with maple, forming a hard and even surface, just suited for rolling pianos. In the fourth story are three rooms for music teachers, one of which is taken by Mr. B. J. Lang. There is communication with all parts of the building by means of tubes and electric annunciators, and there is also telegraphic communication with the great factory at the South End. The precautions against fire are excellent. The building is so thoroughly constructed as to reduce the risk to a minimum. The elevator-ways are of brick with metal-lined doors and there is a stand-pipe from the basement to the roof, with Clark's linen hose attached in every story, and also on the Clark.

The firm moves into its new quarters under the most favorable circumstances. In spite of the general complaints of the dulness of trade, business was never better with our most famous firm of piano makers than it has been this fall. Chickering & Sons are now turning out nearly three thousand pianos a year, and though their ware-rooms on Boylston street near the public library were considered in

*Ironically meant we may presume. If Liszt be "nothingness," then is Raff "next to nothingness?"—Ed.

an out-of-the-way place, their last year's retail business was larger than ever before. In their beautiful new quarters they will be sure of a large increase of patronage. They are also taking steps for great improvements in their New York business, having bought a large and valuable lot on Fifth-avenue, with the intention of putting up a magnificent warehouse together with a concert hall with a seating capacity of 1500. It is their intention to make this the most elegant concert hall in America.

"HAROLD IN ITALY." We were not alone in our impression of the dreariness of the Programme Symphony of Berlioz, performed in the first Thomas Symphony Concert. The *Advertiser's* critic says of it:

The programme of the first symphony concert was an odd affair,—not poor or inferior by any manner of means, but what an Englishman would call a queer lot. There were three numbers—a symphonic poem, by Berlioz; a piano concerto (new to Boston), by Grieg; and Beethoven's third, or "Heroic" symphony. The element of discord was introduced by the first of these—a "symphony Harold in Italy," op. 16, by M. Hector Berlioz adores. We presume we may venture to express our emphatic opinion of this work without being suspected of a generally intolerant attitude toward all modern music; for M. Berlioz is, in our opinion, by far the least respectable of the composers of the new school. Grant, as one may, or must, his gigantic industry, his exhaustive knowledge of the modern orchestra and his wonderful mastery of the laws of harmony,—a mastery so complete that he is said to be able to defy half the rules of the old text-books with perfect immunity,—grant all this, and if it yet appears that he has no breath of inspiration and no spark of creative genius, he will be and remain an inferior composer to the end of the chapter. A knowledge of the principles of composition will no more make a composer than a knowledge of the laws of mechanics will make an inventor, or an acquaintance with etymology a poet. The musical career of M. Berlioz proves the truth of these propositions; he excels as teacher, drill-master and critic; he fails as a writer of music, and it needs no gift of prophecy to predict that he will be utterly unknown a hundred years hence to everybody but the encyclopaedists and the antiquarians. As for this "Harold in Italy," which has been very seldom if ever performed in Boston—we wish, in the words of Shakespeare's *Orlando*, that we "may be better strangers." It is Byron's Child Harold, not as he is really seen in any part of that fine poem, but as he might have appeared if he had gone among the mountains and listened to a "pilgrim's march and evening prayer," and to the "serenade of a mountain-herd of the Abruzzi to his beloved," and to the "orgies of the" mountainous "brigands," and all of this in company with M. Berlioz. In the symphony the vio a represents Child Harold, and the action of his mind is indicated by the repetition of one vague melody. It is nice to see a pleasant-looking artist like Mr. Charles Baeten playing the part of the hero right before one's eyes; and it is really to have an elaborate programme which tells you exactly what to feel. But the difficulty with the symphonic poem is that, after it has been honestly admitted to be in the last degree ingenious and learned, it is found merely dull, uninspired, and uninspiring music. It has numerous "forms" of beauty, but none of the power thereof; it incessantly promises and never performs; and in the expression of feeling it is simply nugatory; in despite of the programme we cannot experience the proper emotion of any motion at all, though M. Berlioz seems for several reasons, well fitted to depict ennui and disgust. And so it happened last night that, notwithstanding the perfect playing of the orchestra and even in spite of the tremendous crashing climaxes of some of the movements, the whole was felt to be dead and dull by nineteen-twentieths of the audience.

ORATORIO IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN. The Handel and Haydn Society of Brooklyn have engaged Dr. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH for their Conductor,—the same accomplished musician under whose direction the New York Oratorio Society sprung into vigorous life a year ago. The Brooklyn Prospectus for the season 1874-75 holds out the following prospects:

Under his direction, the Society will take up, as its first study for the season, MENDELSSOHN'S "St. Paul," a work of great power and beauty, and one too little known among our musicians.

The Oratorio of "The Messiah" will be given during the Christmas holidays.

Arrangements are now being made to unite with the "Oratorio Society" of New York (Dr. DAMROSCH Conductor) for the performance of "The Messiah" as above, with the assistance of a powerful orchestra, and the most eminent soloists that can be obtained.

Following this, the Society propose to take up one other Oratorio of HANDEL, and after its performance to enter upon the study of the "Passion Music," by SEBASTIAN BACH, the recent performance of which, in Boston, called forth the most extravagant praises from the press of the country.

The united societies will number, we are told, about 450 voices.—The young New York society will give by itself, in February, 1. Selections from Schubert's Posthumous Mass in E flat; 2. A Cantata by J. S. Bach; "Ach wie flüchtig, ach wie nichtig!" 3. "Ruth," a Scriptural Idyll, recently composed by Dr. Damrosch, in two parts,—a work of about one hour and a quarter in length. All of these works are taken up for the first time in this country.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sancta Maria. 4. D to f. Faure. 60

"My soul on wings of glory
Mounts up to yonder happy sky."

The accompaniment is somewhat more difficult than the vocal part. A French song of fine quality, but with only the English words.

Ask me again and I will not say "No!" 3.

A to e. Millard. 40

"Maidens don't always say just what they mean,
'No' is oft 'Yes.'"

All of which is very true, and in explaining the matter, the young lady sings a very delightful song.

Tell him I love him yet. 3. A♭ to e. Gatty. 30

"Tell him to win a name
By deeds on land and wave."

Very melodious.

Angel Adored. (Ange Adoré). 4. F to f. Benedict. 40

"Vers toi s'elance ma pensée.

A finely contrived melody, which may be sung with deep expression. French and English words.

Salve Regina. For Baritone or Contralto.

5. D♭ to f. Buck. 50

"O dulcis Virgo, pia, clemens."

"O gracious Lord, in tribulation."

The Latin words are those of a hymn to the Virgin, and the English words constitute a protestant hymn;—quite a difference. In either language it is a high-class song.

I am so versatile! 2. G to d. Knight. 30

"My name is little Ned!"

One of Howard Paul's very amusing songs.

In her Garden. 3. G to g. Hatton. 40

"The lily, graceful tho' it be,
Hath less of grace by far than she."

All very beautiful. The more taste you have, the better you will like it.

Jessie May. Song and Cho. 3. E♭ to f. Mrs. Whitney. 30

"When the apple trees are blossoming.
Around my cottage door."

Among the sweetest of the recent popular ballads.

Instrumental.

Willie Pape's Irish Diamonds. ca. 75

No. 1. Believe me if I and Garry

Owen. 6. A♭

No. 2. Harp that once thro' Tara's

Halls. 6. A♭

Concert pieces that should always be successes. The variations and additions are in the usual style of ornament, but the rare old tunes are magnificent in their new adornments.

Kutschke Polka. 3. C. Stasny. 30

Has a character of wild beauty, is sprightly and original.

City of Peking Galop. 3. F. Pratt. 30

It was to be expected that the great steamer's name would be heard by composers, and this wide-awake affair is worthy of a good name.

On the Banks of the Hudson Polka.

3. D. Fallmann. 40

Possibly should be marked 4; as it is more difficult by a degree than common Polkas. Original and brilliant.

Books.

Grand Theoretical and Practical Piano School.
By Dr. Sigismund Lebert and Dr. Louis Stark, Professors of the University of Stuttgart.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

